

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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General

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23



Sketches from our Artist's Note Book on the Y.P. Day

SEE PAGE 3.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

BREWERY BROWN

Ex-Pugilist and Boozer

CHAPTER XI.

A PHILANTHROPIST GETS SADLY DISAPPOINTED.

When Arthur next went to choir practice he was prepared for a few words from the choir-master. But to his surprise that much-feared individual never said a word to him. The two boys were there, both bearing marks of the encounter on their faces, and when they saw Arthur they came up to him and talked with him and said they wanted to be good friends. This was another surprise for Arthur and so he came to the conclusion that he had been too much ashamed to come up to them and been defeated by one of the street urchins. Most boys are generous at heart and they soon forgive and forget, and so it proved in this case. After that Arthur was on the look-out for trouble with his erstwhile enemies. But somehow or other the news of Arthur's powers as a fighter began to leak out among the choir and the discovery was made that he was the son of a pugilist, and a known competitor about the noble (?) art of self-defence himself. This led to a somewhat curious result. One Sunday morning an old man who was bus in the choir picked Arthur aside and asked him if he could come to the church half an hour earlier on the next Sunday morning. Arthur at once jumped to the conclusion that something was going to be done for him, that he was going to be presented with a new suit of clothes, for instance. He promised to be on the job in good time, therefore. But, as it happened, his conclusion was wrong, one of his friends.

Upon entering the vestry at 10:45 a.m. on the following Sunday, Arthur noted that the whole choir was already assembled, a most unusual occurrence, at such an hour. He felt sure now that some surprise was in store for him. And so it was, but not the kind he expected.

"Come on, Blucher," said the man who had spoken to him on the Sunday before. "We want to have some fun before the old parson arrives."

Arthur's hopes began to sink at these words; he wanted clothing, but they only wanted some fun.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, we want you to show in what kind of coat teaches you to fight," said the old man.

If ever there was a disappointed boy, it was Arthur at that moment. He felt more like crying than fighting. Up to that time he had believed that the reason that the church was holy ground was that he go in for such sport as boxing within its sacred precincts would be an act of profanation. And he was only suggested to him that he should do the very thing. His sense of reverence for sacred things received a severe knock that day.

Now, though he fell convinced that he must do something to do, poor little Arthur was in a fix against the big temptation he was up against. He knew he could fight well, and was able to lick any two boys of his own size, and a desire to show off before these

men gained the mastery of his heart.

"I suppose you want me to teach you boys, don't you?" he asked. "I'll take 'em on two at a time."

"Oh, dear, no," said the old bass singer, "we want you to teach the young boys."

"My, I feel fine," said Arthur, throwing off his soggy little jacket.

"Who is the first one to step into the ring?"

And thus it came about that Arthur regularly gave the young men of the choir lessons in boxing for half an hour before the beginning of each Sunday service.

Then the end of his career as a member of the choir came in a very natural case. It was getting near Christmas and Arthur was practising special hymns and carols. On the last practice night the curate came into see how the choir was progressing. He

was haled off to the police station, but to his surprise the stranger said:

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that he would still be welcome in the saloons. And just at this juncture his father returned home and Arthur was soon back with his old companions, singing and drinking as he had done before.

The church had failed to reclaim this lost sheep, just as the previous party had.

And now another influence was brought to bear on this poor lad — the Sunday School. The manner in which he had endeavoured to attend such a place reflects great credit on the kindness of a certain gentleman who was interested in the poor boys of Reading.

One day as Arthur was walking along one of the principal streets a well-dressed gentleman stepped up to him. Now Arthur was always suspicious of strangers, especially well-dressed ones, and thinking this man was a detective he dodged him, put his coat over his nose and ran off. The gentleman was not to be evaded so easily as that, however. He followed Arthur up the street and as the lad stood looking in a bakery window the gentleman stepped up to him and caught him by the arm. Arthur expected to be haled off to the police station, but to his surprise the stranger said:

"Oh, you'll feel better yet before I'm through with you," said the young man.

After rubbing Arthur dry with a large handkerchief he selected a nice white garment from a large pile on the floor and proceeded to put it on the lad. Arthur was full of wonderment. Another garment was then produced, and as the young man slipped over the first:

"Here, what's up to?" said Arthur, "does a fellow have to 'ave two shirts when he becomes a d—d?"

The young man laughed. "Yes, an undershirt and a topshirt," he said.

"Suppose I got to make up for lost time by wearing two shirts now instead of one," said Arthur. "I had no shirt at all when I entered this school."

Further surprises came to Arthur when a nice suit of clothes was put on him, also a pair of stockings and a pair of brand new boots. The boots were a torment to him for a while, for they were tight-fitting, and pinched his toes a bit. He was told, however, that they would soon get easier.

Thus attired he walked out into the street. The new costume was completed by the addition of a pretty little Scotch velvet cap with long streamers.

"Now you look a different boy altogether," said the kind-hearted gentleman who had brought him out. "I'll give you a white handkerchief for you, which I will place in your side-pocket — and here is a three-penny bit for you to spend. Go home and now, boy, go to your mother and tell her if she doesn't think her boy looks a lot better since she saw him last. And next Sunday, my boy, I shall be glad to see you in my class at the Sunday School. Will you come?"

"Rather," said Arthur; "I'll be there."

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Band Chat.

Three new Bandsmen have been welcomed to Niagara Falls, Ont., Band, which, by the way, boasts of silver instruments.

West Toronto Band has welcomed Bandsman Upton, late of Essex, Bandsman Smith, a graduate of Liverpool, and on Sunday last Bandsman Smith has transferred to Galt, and Bandsman Jackson now takes up the baton at No. 11.

Staff-Captain Walton recommends Bandsman Upton, late of Essex, Bandsman Smith, a graduate of Liverpool, and on Sunday last Bandsman Smith has transferred to Galt, and Bandsman Jackson now takes up the baton at No. 11.

Brother T. A. Jackson has been appointed as Secretary of Wainstock, Ont., band. The latest Journals have just been received and the Bandsmen are doing well with them at practice. The new instruments are expected in a few days.

Bandsman Dunn of Essex was given a great welcome home at the Corps on Sunday, February 25. The Bandsman has been confined to his bed since December 25 of last year, and his illness caused no little anxiety. Consequently, there was much rejoicing when the Bandsman and his wife, who has worked with him during his long sickness, entered the Hall, and during the afternoon gave praise to God for restoration.

Kingston's Y. P. Band is making rapid progress under Bandsman E. Barton, taking part in the Y. P. meetings, the lads assist the Senior Band and Corps in their programmes. But, (says a correspondent) we are handicapped for want of musicians. If any Bandsmen will complete the sets of No. 1, Band Books, from 1 to 30, or 30 to 60, and will sell, kindly communicate with Bandsman Walker, 17 Belgrave Street, Kingston, Ontario.

St. John's, N. L. Newfoundland, has organized a Songster Brigade, with a membership of twenty.

On Thursday, Feb. 15th, the Brigade gave a very interesting programme, and a large crowd was present. The items were arranged by Mrs. Euston, Hargrove. The chair was filled by A. H. Rumsey, Esq., who performed his duties in a very satisfactory manner.

The proceeds of the evening will go to the payment for an organ which was lately purchased by the Songster Band Correspondent.

Monday night, Feb. 12th, was the motto later by the English men of the Lippincott's, St. Louis, ranging their Musical "Men" for the fourth of the Special Thursday Nights, and "something different" in the way of Musical Selections was certainly accomplished.

A fine crowd assembled, and Euston still presided. After an address of welcome, which was read by Bandsman Silbick, the Band gave a spirited rendering of the "Merry Widow." A Trouser and Barlow, was followed by an orchestral selection, the "Swedish March." After a rend, entred into the spirit of the which gave the audience shrillings with laughter. The final rendering "Madrid," which met with much applause. The Scripture Lesson was given in a fashion, each member of the Band reciting a verse from the Bible. Capt. Palmer, giving the band, an instrumental quartette, a round, and a piano forte solo, were all very pleasing items, but,



Part of Galt's War Cry Brigade.

(See particulars below.)

on Feb. 17-18. To say it was an all-round success would be putting it mild. The Deputy-Bandsmaster was in charge of all the arrangements, and during the first night, he did nobly, and surprised everybody. Monday night was a time of music and song by the Band and Songsters, both organiza-tions, and the audience received the latest Journals were played and the Songsters excelled themselves in the singing of the 23rd Psalm, in an arrangement which was recently published in the Musical Salvationist.

Something new has recently been made in the Band. Our Band-Sergeant has gone from solo horn to 1st cornet; Bandsman Gadd from 2nd to 1st cornet; Bandsman S. Richardson from 2nd to 1st; and so to horn; Bandsman Fred Gandy from 2nd horn to 1st, and Bandsman Moyes from solo trombone to Eb bass. These changes have benefited the Band to a very great extent. Bandsman Brand has been transferred from the Junior to the Senior Band and takes up 2nd cornet.

On Sunday, Feb. 25th, Bandsman Frank Brooks, of the Toronto Temple band, was with us. Frank, in a simple standup, said the bands under the able leadership of Bandsman Parker, F. W. Roblin, Band Correspondent.

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The annual Band week-end of the Peterboro Temple Band came

March 16, 1912.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY IN TORONTO.

(Continued from Page 1) seekers after the blessing to go forward. The response was a thing short of miraculous, there were ones and twos at first, then batches of three, four and six, the Young People came. Then came a period of silence until 37 were registered. Those here were evidently deeply stirred by the spirit of God and they say "we have needs as never before. Now there they claimed the newness and then intelligently separated themselves to the service of God and the Salvation Army.

Before dismissing the news, the Commissioner gave some advice to the Young People, to put into practice all that they have learned, and not to hesitate to tell what God had done for them.

It is interesting to note that of the number who came to Ward 37 declared that they had not the spiritual qualifications of the Y. P. Days to prove. They came up to officer ship and no particular appeal is made along that line, but when they were given a chance to work, they had learned the truth. The Holy Spirit furnishes the light which we can see clearly what our privilege is. We can reveal sin and present the remedy. We are weak and helpless, but God is strong and omnipotent. For His illumination we see clearly the point we are in at. "He who will to do His will shall know of the doctrine." We need not stop to tell what we want to know, what we want and seek that.

While I take for granted that we are agreed in the main as to what entire sanctification is, I do not agree again in the details. 1. It is a divine state of grace from justification. 2. It includes the full cleansing of the soul from infirm sin, so that it becomes pure, or free from spiritual infirmities. 3. It includes the filling of the heart with all the grace and fruits of the Spirit. This means being perfected in love, fitted to present capacity, and kept filled at the vessel enlarges.

Brother, who longed for inward and spiritual, truly, prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." The Savoy Captains, in their words of prayer, "Sanctify them through thy truth." The Apostle Paul, "The very God of power, who by thyself, in the blessing of entire sanctification. We must by our action upon this one object, this must be everything to us." As Dr. Peck says, "For the love of God, let us be delivered from the hell of sin, and the heaven of love, to the love of God, the heaven of love, to the love of God."

Are we convinced that this experience is attainable in this present life?

A strong conviction on this point goes far towards realizing our goal. Some believe the such a state of mind may be approximated, but may not reach. But what is dear to us, what is dear as a right hand or pre-eminence at a right eye, is given to us in a voice from the Throne saying, "If I make unto thee even to the right eye."

I am fond of reading away time in contemplation, let us at once resolve to make up our mind, that we will have the blessing now, and our effort will go to the glorification of God, and our desire God, unless we adhere to the idea of present blessing. This determination is all-important and needs to be kept in view.

"We are saved by grace. Confidence is essential to sustain us in the pursuit of the exaltation we have in view. But not the Bible command, but not the experience is not indispensable. God requires what is impossible. God will surely execute that which He commands.

And this experience not ex-

pressly promised in the Scripture, but it could be clearer

than a statement as, "Then

"I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your iniquities; and from all your idols, will I cleanse you," (Ezekiel xxviii: 25). Other promises might be quoted, but the home constant witness to the

March 16, 1912.
THE WAR CRY.

SEEKING HOLINESS.

An Article of Great Spiritual Interest, Showing What Those Who Crave the Blessing of a Clean Heart Should Have and do.

We do not need to have a complete grasp of the doctrine of entire sanctification in all its relations and bearings in order to gain the experience of each one's heart. We do not need to explain any both, "if we deny the possibility of being free from sin in the world," says Star Augustine, "we violate man's will who voluntarily desires it, and God's power who offers it to us in vain."

Would-informed men have made this the subject of definite, fervent and earnest prayer if they had not believed their prayers were unanswered? Was not the Son of God manifested to destroy the works of the Devil?" and it is distinctly stated that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin?" If these are the true sayings of God,

"Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me. We shall soon all our sin be free."

Does it seem too great a thing that in a moment our sinful nature can be purified, that all the evil within can be removed, and our whole being filled with light and divine power. Our answer is, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" It is God's work, and what He undertakes He will accomplish. He grants us a corresponding measure of His ability, "Give us to understand, O Lord, that we will know what we want and seek that."

While I take for granted that we are agreed in the main as to what entire sanctification is, let us once again understand our characters, etc. 1. It is a divine state of grace from justification. 2. It includes the full cleansing of the soul from infirm sin, so that it becomes pure, or free from spiritual infirmities. 3. It includes the filling of the heart with all the grace and fruits of the Spirit. This means being perfected in love, fitted to present capacity, and kept filled at the vessel enlarges.

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Adjutant Urquhart and Bro. Burk of Woodstock, N.B., assuming the Christians' Cey.

power of Christ to save to the aftermost. We must put a "now" into our prayer, "We do the we do the we do in vain."

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To be continued.

THE present coal strike in Great Britain is said to paralyze all the industries of the country, shows to what a large extent the British people are dependent on their coal imports. The number and importance of coal constitutes one of Britain's greatest industries. Every year 170 million tons are used in the British Isles alone, while millions of tons are exported. In 1910 the total coal production was 192 million tons, valued at the pit's mouth at more than 550 millions of dollars. About 1,420,000 people are employed in handling this tremendous output.

How Coal Fields are Formed.

It is now generally agreed that coal was formed from the gigantic vegetation that covered this earth thousands of years ago. These vast and luxuriant forests grew slightly above the level of the sea. In course of time the land subsided and the sea washed over it, covering the great forests and gigantic forms with mud and sand. The pressure from above and the internal heat of the earth below gradually changed these submerged forests into coal. It is said that coal was known to the Britons as early as the first century. In 1210 a coal pit was granted to the monks at Al Ashton Moss, near Manchester, but this is a pit which is 2850 feet deep.

The scene at the bottom of the shaft resembled in some respects a railway junction. Here all the loaded trucks are brought together. The men who have labored during the day wait to load the surface in much the same way as people wait for a train.

A Town Without Houses.

A coal mine may be justly called a town without houses! The roads and galleries stretch in extremely parallel lines and are intersected by other roads of a more rugged and irregular nature. All the galleries have to be kept ventilated, a process effected either by huge fans or by a big fire being constantly burned at the bottom of the shaft.

It was a long walk from the pit bottom to that section of the mine where the men were at work. The only way to get there was along the roadway that had been cut through the raw earth of the miniature railway. Stumbling along with only the flickering candlelight of the lamp we carried, I guide as the walk was accompanied by the sound of the miners' voices, I was compelled to turn back. "It is a waste of time to go immediately behind him in the tunnel," said the driver.

"How much do you get for mining coal?" I asked the man, as he passed me. "Two and six a ton," he replied. A miner's life is beset with danger, yet miners have assured me that the work in the pit is very healthy. The element of danger which despite the many precautions taken is always present in the ordinary day's routine, seems to

Above Ground view of a coal mine.

Mining 'Black Diamonds.'

AN ARTICLE WHICH SHOWS HOW BRITAIN'S COAL WEALTH IS OBTAINED.

Stepping on to the frail platform of the cage I and my guide step on to it. A moment later the centre. The floor seemed to rush upward and we were plunged into pitch darkness. "This is a 'stall,'" explained the guide, "there is a man working there."

A sudden jerk then the cage stopped, a confused sound of spinning wheels, rattling wagons, and excited voices. One can see but little, as the naked and flickering lights, which most of the men carry there, only made the surrounding darkness more pronounced. "This is a blacksmith,"

When we saw him first he was crammed up in a corner with his hands and breathing heavily as he held the face of the coal with his iron breakers. Then he lay over full nearly flat on his back, and having thus obtained more leverage, he rained quick blows on the coal, his object being to chip a hollow underneath.

Dangerous Work.
As I pondered what would happen if the roof came down, the men continued to scoop a hole low underneath him and it extended about the length of his body. Then he paused hastily and drew himself back.

There was a strange silence for a moment; then several hundred yards of iron chain rattled over our feet. When I asked the miner what he knew the coal was about to collapse, he replied simply that in these uneasiness depths of the mine he knew by instinct when anything was about to happen. "A solid iron house has been known to be seized with alarm while pulling a loaded truck, and to gallop along the track, notwithstanding the strong strenuous effort to stop it. That it paused in time of immediate behind it fell in. The gallop had saved the lives of horse and driver."

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drive them to take desperate when occasion demands as a matter of course, but they are the less heroes because of the unconsciousness of their heroism.

"Not even the poorest

hobos," says a writer in "Mining Undergound," "Wealth grudges the miner his wages, he gets it with increasing risk at imminent risk from oil-gas, insidious asphyxia, and a flow of water."

SONGS ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

Finally Got Converted and is a Soldier.

On Sunday, Feb. 18th, Captain Politit, of the British Army, sang in a barn.

Truly, she had made a very good impression on the men, who were very dear to her.

She done work in our town that I shall never forget. Altrated by her singing, an atheist came

to the church, and after a week

of singing, he became a Christian.

He is never tired of telling us

that God has done for him, the

Captain's last Sunday, he had

the pleasure of enrolling him

as a Soldier with six others,

and the British Army.

On Sunday, she sang in a

mass meeting, at

the end of the speakers was

the police.

John Riddell, who re-

ceives 1000 dollars a year

for the British Army, and

recently spent a few

days in the International Headquarters.

Consequently, he is

now in the best of health.

If he can remain recovered

he will be a valuable

member of the British

Army.

—

Colonel Hog

had recently been visiting

some only-time

Corps in China.

He has been

involved in

some trouble

in a

recent

meeting.

Colonel Govard

has not

understood

the inquiry into

the small

Holdings

and difficulty which

occurred

when

the

men

when

they

met

the

men

when

they

Salvation Songs.

HOLINESS.

Commissioner

OF INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

RAILTON.

T.H.Q. NOON
KNEE-DRILL

will visit

St. John II, March 25.
Corps No. 4 and 5 uniting.
St. John II, March 26.
Corps No. 4 and 5 uniting.
St. John IV, Carlton, March 27.
St. Stephen, March 28 and 29.
Woodstock, March 30 and 31.
Afternoon Meeting.
Fredericton, April 1, 2.
Chatham, April 3 and 5.
Newcastle, April 4.
Amherst, April 6 and 7.

Yarmouth, March 17.
Afternoon Meeting.

Digby, March 18.

St. John Citadel, March 19.
United Welcome Meeting.St. John III, March 20.
Officers' Meeting.

St. John III, March 21.

St. John V, March 22.
Corps No. 4 and 5 uniting.St. John I, March 24.
Afternoon Meeting.St. John II, March 25.
Afternoon Meeting.St. John III, March 26.
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Woodstock, March 30 and 31.
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Chatham, April 3 and 5.
Newcastle, April 4.
Amherst, April 6 and 7.

Thy child once more?

All the rivers of Thy grace I

claim;

Over every promise write my

name.

As I am I come, believing;

As Thou art Thou dost, receiving;

Bid me rise a free, and pardoned

slave;

Master o'er my sin, the world,

the grave,

Charging me to preach Thy

power to save

To sin-bound souls.

Tunes — Euphony, 110; Sagina,

118.

2 Now I have found the ground

wherein

Sure my soul's anchor may re-

main;

The wounds of Jesus for my sin

Before the world's foundation

shain;

Whose mercy shall unshaken

stay;

When heaven and earth are fled

away.

Though waves and storms go

o'er my head,

Though strength and health

and friends be gone,

Though joys be withered all and

dead,

Though every comfort be with-

drawn,

On this my steadfast soul relies;

Father, Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I re-

main,

Though my heart fail and flesh

decay;

This anchor shall my soul sus-

tain.

When earth's foundations melt

away;

Mercy's still power I then shall

prove,

Loved with an everlasting love.

PRAISE AND TESTIMONY.

3 Come, join our Army, to battle

we go,

Tune—Ring the Bell, Watchman,

Jesus will help us to conquer the

foe;

Defending the right, opposing the

wrong,

The Salvation Army is marching

along.

Chorus:

Marching along, we are march-

ing along.

Come, join our Army, the foo-

must be driven;

To Jesus, our Captain, the world

shall be given.

If Hell shall surround us, we'll

press through the thorn;

The Salvation Army is marching

along,

and man, and it was hard to bre-

4 Sometimes I'm tried with toil

and care,

Tune—Mighty to Keep, 50.

Sometimes I'm weak and worn;

Sometimes it looks so dark every-

where,

Instead of the rose, the thorn.

Chorus:

Will you go? Oh say, will you

go to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sigh-

ing nor anguish

Can breathe in the fields where

the glorified rove;

The Chief Secretary's Appointments.

*RIVIERDALE, Sunday Morning..... MARCH 24

DOVERCOURT, Sunday Afternoon..... MARCH 24

TEMPLE, Sunday Night..... MARCH 24

*Accompanied by a number of Territorial Headquarters Staff

and the Staff Band Male Choir.

BRAMPTON, Sunday..... MARCH 31

Accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and the Staff Band Male

Choir.

These are the times, when

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in

misery languish,

Oh, say, will you go to the

Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion, pre-

pared and all furnished,

Ere from this small house he

is summoned to move;

Its gates and its towers with

glory are furnished,

Oh, say, will you go to the

Eden above?

Chorus:

I have a Saviour who's mighty

to keep,

Mighty to keep evermore.

Jesus, I'll trust Thee more and

more,

Trust where I cannot trace,

Trust when I hear the ocean's

roar.

Trust when the son I face,

Thou wilt be more than life to

me,

So broad, so high, so deep

Chunging the thunder into glee,

Able to save and to keep.

SALVATION.

Tune—My Wandering Boy, B. J.

308.

5 Where is my wandering boy

to-night?

The boy of my tenderest care,

The boy that was once my joy

and light,

The child of my love and

prayer?

Once he was pure as the morn-

ing dew;

As he knelt at his mother's

knee;

No face was so bright, no heart

more true,

And none was so sweet as he.

Go for my wandering boy to-

night,

Go, search for him where you

will,

But bring him to me with all his

blight,

And tell him I love him still.

Tunes — We're Bound for the

Land, 201; The Ash Grove,

200; Song Book, 83.

6 We're bound for the land of

the pure and the holy,

The home of the happy, the

kingdom of love;

Ye wanderers from God in the

broad road of folly,

Oh, say, will you go to the Eden

above?

Chorus:

Will you go? Oh say, will you

go to the Eden above?

In that blessed land neither sigh-

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